I grieve to think that, later on, my weakened memory will be unable to offer me my sensation of today, however lively, which, losing all sharpness of outline, all accent, will merely seem to me like one of those medals of which the effigy has been effaced, alas, now blurred like any other medal that one can guess to have been precious only by the luster of the worn metal.

Later on, taking this perfumed memory in my hand, pressing it affectionately against my lips, I shall think:

What was it? I no longer see it very clearly. The name of that child? Shall I get it mixed, alas, with so many others? The day was delightfully radiant; the water in the *saqiyas,* I remember, charming. I should like to define the line of the young body and again find it adorable.

I believe that never did the "rules'* embarrass any genius, neither that of the *unities* in France nor that of the three actors in Greece, and that Racine and Corneille as well as yEschylus have sufficiently proved this. (That moreover they have no absolute value and that any great genius masters them, whether he finds support in them or negates them — and that to come along and claim that this or that great man was embarrassed by them is just as ridiculous as if a painter said that when painting he is embarrassed by his frame and exclaimed: "Oh, if only I could spread out a little farther!'* and that those who protest against them are like Kant's dove, which thought it would fly better in a vacuum.)

In general, insubordination with regard to the rules comes from an unintelligent subordination to realism, from a misunderstanding of the ends of art, from that specious insinuation of empiricism which aims, through a scandalous generalization, to scoff at art by attacking it only where it has become artifice, and to label as factitious all supernatural beauty.

You have found happiness, you say. Take care! For this is the oasis,
and Pegasus is not going to carry you any farther.

Contemporary fiction and drama are in the same situation as present-day architecture. The usefulness of the monument is an excuse for its ugliness; and when simple dwelling-places are being built, this is especially evident: that in general one is rather comfortable in them and in particular rather uncomfortable; for they have to be made so that anyone whatever can live in them. As for the newspaper, it is a hotel room,